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Boston, Nov. 15, 1864.

My dear Son:

Wendell has already apprised you of the somewhat sudden death of our dear and honored friend, Francis Jackson, whose loss we shall all very keenly feel. In consequence of this event, and some labor devolving upon me arising from it, I must reluctantly forego my contemplated visit to Lynn, in company with your mother. Thanks, however, for your letter, just received. Say to Charles and Lizzie that, had circumstances favored, it would have given us great pleasure to accept their kind invitation to be with them and their circle on Saturday evening. Possibly, another week or so, we may take the ride, in case of pleasant weather. Remember us gratefully and affectionately to Mr. and Mrs. Buffum, Mr. Johnson, &c., &c.



The funeral is to be at Hollis Street, on Monday forenoon, at 11 o'clock. Mr. Phillips and I have been invited to speak on the occasion—perhaps others will participate. Can you come?

Henry C. Wright has arrived, just in season to be present at the obsequies.

By a post-mortem examination it was found that there was a large tumor in the stomach, and much inflammation of the intestines.

The closing scene was painless and tranquil.

Your father has never lost a truer friend.

How the ranks are thinning! Loving, Hovey, Philbrick, Parker, Mrs. Hollen, Miss Cabot, Mrs. Earle and E. L. Capron of Worcester, and now Francis Jackson! All in so short a period!

Your loving father,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

W. L. G., Jr.

Give my particular regards to Mr. Mudge.





